Rom: My *Iuliet* welcome. As doo waking eyes
(Cloasd in Nights mysts) attend the frolicke Day,
So *Romeo* hath expected *Iuliet*,
And thou art come.
Iul: I am (if I be Day)
Come to my Sunne: shine foorth, and make me faire.
Rom: All beauteous fairnes dwelleth in thine eyes.
Iul: *Romeo* from thine all brightnes doth arise.
Fr: Come wantons, come, the stealing houres do passe
Defer imbracements till some fitrer time,
Part for a while, you shall not be alone,
Till holy Church haue ioynd ye both in one.
Rom: Lead holy Father, all delay seemes long.
Iul: Make hast, make hast, this lingring doth vs wrong.
Fr: O, soft and faire makes sweetest worke they say.
Hast is a common hindrer in crosse way. *Exeunt omnes.*

Enter Benuolio, Mercutio.

Ben: I pree thee good *Mercutio* lets retire,
The day is hot, the *Capels* are abroad.
Mer: Thou art like one of those, that when hee comes into the confines of a tauerne, claps me his rapier on the boord, and sayes, God send me no need of thee: and by the operation of the next cup of wine, he drawes it on the drawer, when indeed there is no need.
Ben: Am I like such a one?
Mer: Go too, thou art as hot a Iacke being mooude, and as soone moude to be moodie, and as soone moodie to be mooud.
Ben: And what too?
Mer: Nay, and there were two such, wee should haue none shortly. Didst not thou fall out with a man for cracking of nuts, hauing no other reason, but because thou hadst hasill eyes? what eye but such an eye would haue pickt out such a quarrell? With another for coughing, because hee

wakd

wakd thy dogge that laye a sleepe in the Sunne? With a Taylor for wearing his new dublet before Easter: and with another for tying his new shoes with olde ribands. And yet thou wilt forbid me of quarrelling.
Ben: By my head heere comes a *Capolet*.

Enter Tybalt.

Mer: By my heele I care not.
Tyb: Gentlemen a word with one of you.
Mer: But one word with one of vs? You had best couple it with somewhat, and make it a word and a blow.
Tyb: I am apt enough to that if I haue occasion.
Mer: Could you not take occasion?
Tyb: *Mercutio* thou consorts with *Romeo*?
Mer: Consort. Zwounes consort? the slaue wil make fidlers of vs. If you doe sirra, look for nothing but discord: For heeres my fiddle-sticke.

Enter Romeo.

Tyb: Well peace be with you, heere comes my man.
Mer: But ile be hanged if he weare your lyuery: Marry go before into the field, and he may be your follower, so in that sence your worship may call him man.
Tyb: *Romeo* the hate I beare to thee can affoord no better words then these, thou art a villaine.
Rom: *Tybalt* the loue I beare to thee, doth excuse the appertaining rage to such a word: villaine am I none, therfore I well perceiue thou knowst me not.
Tyb: Bace boy this cannot serue thy turne, and therefore drawe.
Ro: I doe protest I neuer iniured thee, but loue thee better than thou canst deuise, till thou shalt know the reason of my loue.
Mer: O dishonorable vile submission. *Allastockado* caries it away. You Ratcatcher, come backe, come backe.
Tyb: What wouldest with me?

Mer: